

# THE LEISURE HOUR

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—*Comper.*



UNEXPECTED ARRIVALS AT WELFLEET.

## THE GREAT VAN BROEK PROPERTY.

CHAPTER XXXIII.—CONSTERNATION AT WELFLEET, CAPE COD—  
THE DEPARTURE OF CAPTAIN JACK FOR NEW YORK.

WELFLEET is seldom disturbed by events or rumours of events in the outside world. It is only at long intervals that anything occurs to vary the quiet monotony of the place, the annals of which may be truly said to be "short and simple." Never since the year 1812, when, the United States and the mother country being at war, a party of lawless British seamen, as duly and faithfully recorded in the archives of the village, "did

land on the shores of Welfleet, and did, contumaciously and wickedly (in the absence of the men of the village, who were at sea in their ships), ransack and destroy cottages and gardens, and did audaciously kill the sucking-pig of Dame Coffin, the wife of the Reeve, and did roast the same with fuel made of the door of the dame's barn, and did eat thereof in her presence, at the same time most irreverently insisting that the dame and her daughters should attend them with cider and other liquors of the dame's own brewing, and did, at afterward of the same day, carry off on board of their ships provisions and liquors they had shamefully and disgracefully

parloined"—never since that calamitous epoch had the village of Wellfleet been in such a state of excitement as in the early part of the month of January of the year following that on which Captain Jack visited Niagara Falls. The excitement commenced by the arrival at the post-office of a singularly official-looking letter, directed to "Captain John Jack, Wellfleet, Cape Cod."

This letter was duly delivered to the Captain (who was accustomed to take his own letters from the post-office on those rare occasions when letters awaited him), whereupon the Captain, after having adjusted his spectacles for the purpose, spelled the letter carefully twice over; and then (the truth must be told), swearing roundly, as he had never been heard to swear before, he tore the offending missive to atoms, saying that he had had enow and to spare of that cunning lawyer's palaverins, and, carrying the pieces to the wharf near by, tossed them into the waters of the bay. Two days afterwards a second letter was received, being an exact counterpart of the first, which met the same fate—the Captain, while devoting it to destruction, seeming more annoyed than on the former occasion—and again two days later came a third letter, similar in every respect to its predecessors, which was also similarly destroyed, the wrath of the Captain on this last occasion being, according to the report of the postmaster and other witnesses, "tremendous and orful to behold." On the evening of that day the Captain came, as usual, to the parlour of the General Washington; but he sat silent and moody, and, when his brother skippers strove to cheer his spirits, he quarrelled with them, one after another, though in general a most peaceful man. In place of drinking his regular allowance of two goblets of rum-and-water at proper intervals, he swallowed the first—all scalding hot as it was—at a single draught, and seemed quite to have forgotten to call for another, until reminded by the landlord that it was past the hour for ordering the second tumbler, and that he might make himself ill by such unaccustomed abstinence. However, he then called for his second "jorum," swallowed the scalding hot liquid at a draught, as before, and walked away home without bidding good-night to his friends, and without even speaking to the landlord. The next night—for the first time since he had taken up his abode at Wellfleet (excepting, of course, Sunday nights, and those rare occasions when he was absent from the village)—Captain Jack failed to make his appearance in the tavern parlour. On the following morning a party of strangers landed at Wellfleet from the Boston steamboat, and, led by one of their number, who seemed to be well acquainted with the village, proceeded at once to Singapore Villa, as the Captain had named his cottage.

The leader of the party was recognised by the people of the village. He was our old friend lawyer Swoop, who had, as the reader will call to mind, visited the village on a former occasion. By the lawyer's side the old sailor, Amos Jepson, hobbled along on crutches; for the poor old man's "gout" had either not left him with the return of summer weather, or, if it had, had come back again with redoubled vigour when the summer had passed away. The third individual, who completed the party, was a tall, spare, sallow-visaged personage, who looked as if he had been dried to a mummy by long residence in a tropical clime. He might have been of any age between forty-five and seventy; for, though his features were those of a man in the prime of life, he seemed scarcely able to bear the fatigue of walking from the wharf into the village; and, though he was enveloped in furs from head to foot, he shivered with every blast of the keen January wind, and

complained bitterly of the cold, and of the lack of every kind of accommodation that he had found to exist since he had landed in America only a few days before. A crowd of children followed the party at a respectful distance to Singapore Villa, and Captain Jack, who had seen the approach of his visitors, and had recognised the features of Mr. Swoop, opened the door of the cottage himself, and seemed more than half inclined to resent this intrusion upon his privacy by a resort to open violence. A glance, however, at the features of the gentleman in furs, and a second keener glance at those of old Amos Jepson, had the effect of changing his tactics. At first he started back as if in dismay, and appeared very much disposed to take to flight. Then, recollecting himself, he sang out for Bill Brail, and, on the old sailor's appearance, directed his attention to the strangers by pointing towards them with his forefinger, and staring at his old servant with half-open mouth and half-frightened look. Bill Brail, for the moment, seemed to be as much surprised and as much frightened as his master, or his "Boss," as he always termed the Captain; but presently a grim smile of recognition came over his wrinkled, weather-beaten visage, and, looking round at the Captain, he exclaimed—

"It's them, Boss; livin' or dead, it's them as I never 'spected for to see no more in this world."

The next moment he seized old Amos Jepson by the hand, and, finding that the member was one of real flesh and blood, however withered it might be, he wrung it heartily, and the two old sailors greeted each other with every mark of friendship and gladness.

"That's a phantasmagory, then, Bill?" said Captain Jack. "It's real, is it?"

"Real flesh and blood, Boss," replied Bill; "real old bones, and no mistake, sich what I thought was parted for ever."

"Wharsoever they've come from, they're welcome," replied Captain Jack; "but, Bill, I thowt—yes, I did—I thowt as 'twor a phantasmagory."

With this the Captain sprang forward, and, almost seizing the lawyer as he pushed him aside, he offered a hand to each of the strangers, and, amidst various exclamations of doubt, surprise, and gladness, hauled them into his dwelling-place, the lawyer following, as it were, upon sufferance.

The door was closed, and the wondering group outside, who had been amazed spectators of the proceedings, retired to acquaint their friends with what they had witnessed.

Again, on that evening, Captain Jack absented himself from the parlour of the General Washington; but the lights were burning until a very late hour of the night at Singapore Villa, and people who passed by the cottage, or who visited it out of curiosity, reported that there were merry and noisy doings within, until long after midnight.

The next morning the strangers, together with Captain Jack, Miss Slowbury, and little Alice, embarked on board the steamboat for Boston, leaving the cottage in charge of Bill Brail and a young village girl, who, on the arrival of Miss Slowbury, had been engaged by the Captain in the capacity of a "hired help," or, in other words, as a servant-of-all-work, to perform those menial duties of the household which the Captain had had sense to perceive were unfitted to his new housekeeper.

The villagers, and particularly the Captain's more intimate friends and comrades, took this conduct of his in high dudgeon. Such a thing had never been known in Wellfleet before, as a family going off without acquainting their neighbours whither they were going; and, what

made the matter worse, Bill Brail wouldn't, and the "hired help" couldn't, give them any information respecting the Captain's contemplated movements. Bill Brail was deaf to all questions, and all that the "hired help" could say was, that there had been sich-like goin's on as she never see. Bill Brail, which allus sot in the kitchen, had been summoned to the parlour, and then sich drinkin' and sich goin's on! The yaller-lookin' man hadn't drunk much, no more hadn't the lawyer chap; but the old sailor, who, she guessed, had been a shipmet o' the cap'n's in years gone by, had sot drinkin' and smokin' alonger the Cap'n and Bill Brail ontill late into the night, and tellin' sich yarns as she never heern; and the Cap'n and th' old sailor chap had gone to sleep on thar choers, and Bill had slep' on the kitchen dresser, and the lawyer chap and the yaller man had ta'en the Cap'n's and Bill's beds; and in the mornin' Miss Nance had packed up thar things, and fixed up the parlour and locked it, and had told her how they wor goin' on a journey, and would, perhaps, be away two or three weeks.

When asked whether she knew where the Captain had gone, the "hired help" replied that she had heern Miss Nance tell how when they come tew Bosting they should start aboard the cars for New York, and that wor all she know'd 'bout it.

So the good people of Wellfleet were left to form their own conclusions with respect to Captain Jack's singular behaviour and his sudden journey.

Meanwhile the Captain and his family and friends were speeding swiftly over the waters of Barnstable Bay on their way to the good city of Boston, Massachusetts.

CHAPTER XXIV.—MR. SWOOP ADVERTISES, AND RECEIVES A STRANGE VISITOR AT HIS OFFICE IN NASSAU STREET.

THE "hired help" at Singapore Villa was quite correct in her statement that Captain Jack and his visitors, and the housekeeper and child, had departed for the city of New York, *via* Boston. On the arrival of the party at New York, the Captain, with Miss Slowbury and little Alice, took up their abode at respectable private lodgings in West Broadway; the "yaller-lookin' man," as the "hired help" had called the stranger, returned to the rooms he had quitted at the Brandreth House; Amos Jepson retired to his comfortable quarters at the "Sailor's Snug Harbour;" and Mr. Swoop went direct to his office in Nassau Street, and held a secret conference with his partner. Nevertheless, scarcely a day passed by on which Captain Jack, and Amos Jepson, and the stranger did not meet—usually at the Captain's lodgings—to smoke their pipes, drink their grog, and chat together about old times, and tell marvellous stories of former adventures in distant lands.

The result of the secret conference in the lawyers' office was the appearance day after day, for more than a week, in the columns of the popular newspapers, of strangely-worded advertisements, sometimes in the form of a jumble of incomprehensible hieroglyphics, sometimes in mysterious ciphers, but most frequently in what was surmised to be "thieves' Latin." Apparently unmeaning questions were asked, and these were responded to by apparently equally meaningless replies. These advertisements created quite a popular sensation. They were looked for by many people the first thing in the morning, and hundreds of persons vainly occupied themselves in the endeavour to discover their meaning. Some people imagined that they had reference to the doings of a mischief-meaning secret society; others, that they referred to some filibustering expedition to Cuba, Mexico, or Ireland; and others,

again, that they contained the germ of some Roman Catholic plot to overthrow Protestantism in the United States and to establish Papacy, with its head-quarters in Grace-church "Cathedral"!

To the active imagination, however, of Mr. Swoop alone were they really due; and that a certain class of "gentry," who lived in certain notoriously retired quarters of the city of New York, were competent to decipher their meaning was manifest, after the first day or two of advertising, by the appearance, night after night, at the lawyer's office, of a class of visitors whose prominent characteristics were shabby clothing, foreheads narrow and "villainously low," broken noses, scarred faces, small, deep, and closely-set light gray or blue eyes, with a curiously restless movement, and a form of head in which the destructive and secretive organs were singularly conspicuous. These gentlemen never called until a late hour of the night, and consequently Mr. Swoop seldom left his office at this period until midnight. One night, eight or ten days after the first of these mysterious advertisements had appeared, Mr. Swoop was seated in conversation (about ten o'clock) with a visitor of the above-mentioned class, whose closely-cropped, rusty-red hair gave evidence either that he had but lately recovered from a fever in which his head had been shaved, or that but a few days had elapsed since he had had his residence in a certain massive country mansion at Sing-Sing, on the banks of the Hudson River. He was about as ill-favoured a visitor as any the lawyer had been in the habit of receiving of late, nevertheless he seemed to be an old acquaintance of Mr. Swoop's, and he met that gentleman with a sort of dogged sullenness in which respect and audacity were strangely intermingled.

"Well, Doggett," said the lawyer, when he had ushered in his visitor, and closed and bolted the door, having first listened in the passage to make sure that he and his visitor were alone in the building; "you are true to your time to-night; but how is it that you did not respond to my advertisement sooner?"

"How could yer expect as I'd answer it till I seed my vay clear?" was the reply of the visitor, whose conversation, however, was interlarded with oaths and excretions with which I dare not swell my pages. "I s'pose yer was lookin' for me at the country house?"

"I was, and I heard of your escape. Hence my advertisement. That would not have been needed, had I found you there as I had anticipated."

"How am I ter know as 'taint a plant to trip me up and lodge me in quod-ag'in?" said the man, looking about him uneasily. "How am I to know yer ain't got a perlecceman in hidin', fur to git the reward? Better not try that dodge, though;" and, pulling aside the lappet of his shabby coat, he displayed the butt-end of a pistol he had in his pocket. "I've swore I wun't be tuk alive, and I wun't," he added.

"Cease that nonsense, Doggett," Mr. Swoop sternly replied. "I didn't want to meet you to bandy words with you. You know that I've saved you from punishment many a time, and that I am perfectly fearless of your threats or scowls. I want you to do me a service, and I'll reward you for it; and you know that I'll keep my promises for good or evil. As to wishing to do you harm, where would you be now but for me?"

"Tain't no compliment," returned the ruffian, though not in such a defiant tone as before. "Yer allus got yer pay, and yer'd jest as lief gone agin' me fur pay. Yer didn't save me from six years at Sing-Sing last time; on'y I tripped it."

"I saved you from worse than six years' lodging at



Sing-Sing, and you know that I could send you back there in spite of yourself if I chose. No more of this. Give me now such information as I seek, and such assistance as I need, and you shall receive a reward that will enable you to put yourself out of harm's way—go to Texas, or to California, if you choose—and lead a new and better life for the future. Refuse me, and I give you my word, if you come to need my services again, I'll not give them. Now take your choice."

"I must know what it is first."

"You must trust yourself to me. I'll make no other bargain."

"At least, you must promise that yer wun't arx me to peach agin' any o' my pals. Ef yer do, I cry quits. I'm bad enow, I know, Muster Swoop. I don't pertend to be nuthin' else. But I wun't turn informer—no, not to save my own neck, I wun't."

"I shall ask you to do nothing of the sort, Doggett. I want to find one of your comrades, and I want you to guide me to him; but I give you my word that I wish to render him an essential service rather than to harm him."

"Well, go ahead, mister," said Doggett. "But, mind yer, I don't peach for nothin' yer could offer me."

The lawyer rose from his chair, and whispered a few words in his visitor's ear.

The man started. "How did yer come to know that?" he asked.

"I know much more, if I choose to tell it," returned Mr. Swoop.

"But it wor years and years agone—twenty year or more. He wor a great swell then; but he's come down terr'ble low."

"I know that, and I know that he's in hiding, and I know that you know his hiding-place. All this I learnt from other sources. I know that a man named Miles Slowbury, lately dead, met this Digby, who then went by his true name, at a certain house in Orange Street, as you observe, now some twenty years ago. I also know that on that occasion a third party was present, and that certain matters of business passed between them. This man Digby had just then gone into hiding. I know that he afterwards went abroad, and that he returned, hoping that his offence was forgotten. Perhaps it might have been. But necessity probably again tempted him to evil courses: he was detected, but escaped. His former offence was raked up against him, and he has since been living a life of crime, though he has escaped the grasp of justice, and I am given to understand that he is in great destitution. He is believed to be dead; but, as I have said, he is living, and you know where. I have learnt all this at a great cost of time, trouble, and money. All that remains is for me to have a private interview with this man. Under no circumstances will I do him harm; but if he deal truthfully with me, I will do him great service. Now will you guide me safely and secretly to this man's hiding-place? None save yourself and he need be the wiser. You have my promise, and you know that I will keep it."

"I had nothin' to do with his offences at the time yer speak on, mister. It wor sich as is altogether out o' my line. It wor altogether too high for sich as me. He've come down since then. I don't know even his reg'lar name."

"I am aware of that. Neither do I wish to speak of that offence, nor any other that concerns you. I wish to see him on altogether a different and a comparatively harmless matter. Now go you to him. Tell him what I have told you. Assure him that I will see him, by force, if he will not admit me to an interview by fair

means (and you know I have but to call in the aid of the law to do this, in spite of him or you); and conduct me to his abode. Do this, and I will now give you twenty dollars. One hundred dollars more shall be yours the day after I have had the interview I seek."

"No harm 'll come out of it, mister?"

"I have told you that he will, if he chooses, derive great benefit from the interview."

"One more question, mister. How come you to know as I know'd where to find the chap?"

"I learnt that from other parties who answered my advertisements, as you have done, and who gave me a variety of information; but they said that you alone knew Digby personally, and knew where he was hiding."

"When do you want to make this 'ere call, mister?"

"As soon as possible. The sooner the better for all concerned. To-morrow night, say. You can see him meanwhile, and find means to let me know his decision."

To this arrangement the man Doggett was brought to give his assent. Mr. Swoop then paid him the sum agreed upon, and he quietly and cautiously quitted the lawyers' office, and returned by various by-ways to his secret haunt.

"Pah!" exclaimed Mr. Swoop, as soon as he had closed the door on his visitor. "These fellows foul the very atmosphere they breathe. It's disgusting to have anything to do with such wretches. Still they are necessary evils. I don't know what some of us would do without them. Now I must nerve myself for a more difficult and disgusting, and perhaps perilous task to-morrow night; and then, if I am successful, I shall have the game in my own hands, and I shall play my cards into the hands of the highest bidder. I flatter myself there are few men who could have searched into, and traced out, and managed such an intricate affair, so secretly and so successfully. Everything will, I trust, soon depend upon my will. I can send this amphibious sea-captain back to his sandbank, to vegetate as he did before, and everything may remain *in statu quo*, and none need be the wiser, if a certain party is wise for his own interests; if not, it may cost trouble, but I can ruin him—yes, ruin him, and turn him adrift in the world a beggar and a branded cheat. Nettletop would have revenge. Pooh! Nettletop is an ass. What do I want with revenge, if I can line my pockets by quietly pocketing an affront? Money is the main thing. Money I must have from either party; and he who is sure to be the loser, if the matter is pushed, is more likely to be the better paymaster than he who may be the gainer."

Mr. Swoop rested his head on his hand, and sat for some minutes absorbed in thought; then he rose, looked at his watch, and prepared to take his departure.

"Near midnight," he muttered to himself. "I have been working hard of late, and I find that it is telling upon me. Well—well. Let us hope that the day of rest is at hand. This affair settled, and I will give up this sort of work. I will retire from business and take a nice little farm somewhere in the country. There are strange reverses in life. I began life as an errand-boy; and this man, now brought so low, whom I hope to meet to-morrow, was bred a gentleman, and, as I have heard, graduated with honours at Harvard! It may not answer to trust too much to fortune. Let me be successful once again, and I'll wash my hands of all dirty work, and, as Falstaff says, 'will live cleanly, like a gentleman.'"

Thus soliloquizing, and sometimes muttering his words half-aloud, Mr. Swoop locked up his office and went home to his lodgings.

## A CRUSH IN "THE COMMONS."

WE are old enough to remember many an exciting night in the old House of Commons, which came to grief in 1834, and whose destruction by fire we witnessed in company with some half-million of other spectators on that memorable October night. A different class of people were in the habit of frequenting the purlieus of the Commons in those days from the class one finds there now; and the place, it need hardly be said, was a very different place from the existing grand palace of the Legislature. The old lobby of St. Stephen's was a mere landing-place compared with the gorgeous lobby of Mr. Barry, and it was approached by a broad stone staircase, traversed by members and strangers alike. Here, in the days of the political unions, of which the mighty Dan was at once godfather and dry-nurse, the "tail" of that oratorical potentate would upon occasions insinuate itself in such strength as almost to usurp the entire space and block up the approaches—not a little to the annoyance of honourable members, who had to elbow their way through them amid ironical cheers, and greetings the reverse of complimentary. The lobby and the stairs conducting to it were rarely free from interested expectants, waiting the coming of members they knew, or pretended to know, and whom they waylaid in their passage to the house, for the sole purpose of begging franks to save the expense of postage. This was a favour rarely, if ever, denied, unless the member assailed had franked his whole number that day and cleared himself out, in which case we have often seen him turn over the applicant to a friend, who immediately performed the service required. In those days of dear postage, franks were a substantial benefit; and many a tender correspondence, to our knowledge, owed its constancy and duration to their means. Another gerdon in great request among strangers was the members' tickets of admission to the "Strangers' Gallery," which also were obtained readily for the mere trouble of asking for them. To the left of the door by which the members entered their "House" was a small closet without seats, but furnished with stationery placed on a high desk, at which persons could stand and write. Here the franks and the orders to the gallery were generally written by the members before entering to take their seats. There was, however, one specimen, or we should say two, of a quasi-magnificence to be seen in the old lobby, which we may look for in vain in the new one. These were the doorkeepers—strapping fellows in seventeenth century costume, who looked as if they had just stepped out of their gold frames in the picture-gallery of some ducal mansion. They wore their hair powdered; broad plaited shirt-frills, flattened to the vest by a brilliant; the purest of linen in voluminous folds round the neck; coats of silver-gray, devoid of collar, but abounding in cuffs; plush shorts; flesh-coloured silk stockings, terminating in neat shoes, on which shone silver buckles of enormous size. Each of them was armed with a long baton or rod, the emblem of office, which they now and then turned to a useful purpose by interposing as a fence against the intrusion of strangers, and forming a kind of enclosed gangway for members entering or departing.

Very popular were some of the members of those days—perhaps far more popular, especially among that numerous class who have no votes, than any M.P. whom we could name at the present time. It was the popular members, of course, who drew the greatest crowds to the House, just as it is the popular measures which, irrespective of their political weight and import, always

cause the widest excitement. When it was known that the redoubtable Dan would thunder for "repeal," the Irish element mostly made up his following; and once and again have we heard them cheer him to the work with a kind of wild "hurroo" as he approached the arena. There was a time previous to the Reform Bill of 1832, when "Orator Hunt" was in the habit of horrifying the lovers of propriety by dealing out abuse against both men and measures obnoxious to him, in a style which an editor of the day happily designated as "Hunt's best blacking." Hunt rarely came to the House without an applauding circle to greet his arrival, until, in an unlucky hour, he lost the favour of his constituents. Cobbett used to walk leisurely up the stairs, smiling to one, nodding to another, while chatting to a third; and conspicuous to everybody in his light drab, almost white suit, and hat of capacious brim. No man was more liberal of his franks, or generally courteous to everybody outside the House; but within he was accounted a terrible bore, from an impulse or instinct he had of wanting to get at the bottom of everything, and a habit of dividing the House without reason.

Among the recollections of the old House, the most prominent are doubtless those connected with the struggle for the Reform Bill—lost in 1831, after a manful fight which should have been a victory; and not so much won in 1832, after an appeal to the country, as it was accepted as a debt from hands which dared no longer to withhold it. At times, during this long conflict, members sat all night and half the next day, while the neighbourhood swarmed with multitudes eager and determined in their clamour for "the bill, the whole bill, and nothing but the bill." But we need not dwell upon scenes which are matters of history.

One day in March, with some of these recollections haunting the memory, we took a stroll towards the Palace of Westminster, where we arrived in time to witness a popular gathering similar in character to those of five-and-thirty years ago. After narrowly escaping from maiming or slaughter by a cab in Palace Yard, for which that broad area seems at present to be ingeniously laid out, we entered Westminster Hall, the grand antechamber of the Legislature. We are early enough, the hour for the commencement of business not having struck; but, early as we are, crowds have been here before us. Hundreds are congregated in separate groups over the broad area of the Hall, and hundreds more have ranged themselves in line so as to command the members' private entrance, and watch them as they approach. In St. Stephen's Gallery some hundred and fifty persons have taken possession of the benches next the walls, where they have been stationed ever since six o'clock in the morning, having come to the House in the gray dawn in order to secure places in the Strangers' Gallery—said places being allotted in regular order to those who come first. The majority of these early birds, however, are only the representatives of the ticket-holders, who will come in good time to relieve them and occupy the places secured for them.

Meanwhile new arrivals take place every minute, and on advancing into St. Stephen's Hall we find it crammed, farther progress to the lobby being for a time prevented by policemen in attendance, who know perfectly well whom to let pass and whom to intercept. Passing unchallenged to the lobby, we stand and watch the members as they emerge from their private way and hasten to their seats. The well-known faces of some excite a murmur of welcome, and their names circulate audibly among the by-standers, not a few of whom are here for the first time in their lives, and are anxious to catch a

glimpse of their great men. "The Chancellor of the Exchequer is already in the House." "There goes Horsman." "That is Bob Lowe." "Yonder comes the honourable member for Aylesbury." "Is that Stuart Mill?" "There is Lord Stanley." "That's Bright." "Who is that? and that?" "Don't know: new men, I reckon." "Here comes Dizzy!" Such are the fragments of talk that fly about in under-tones. By-and-by a tall, slender man, erect as a pillar, but with sightless eyes, is led forward by a little boy: "That's Fawcett, the member for Brighton," says a voice, as, led by an usher, the tall figure vanishes into the House.

The House is now rapidly filling, as one may know by the increasing hum of voices inside. In fact, by the usual hour for business it is too full to be quite comfortable for the occupiers, and after business has begun fresh arrivals keep pouring in. The strangers are now in their gallery, the reporters in theirs, and a round number of the peers, with the Prime Minister among them, have so overcrowded that allotted to them that they overflow into places assigned to others. For some unaccountable reason, or no reason, of the architect's, the Commons House, the very centre and vital heart of the vast palace of the Legislature, which has cost us over two millions of money, is not large enough to contain the Commoners for whom it was built. Whenever it happens that four-fifths of them are present, numbers must suffer inconvenience from want of room; and when, as in the present case, nearly all are present who have a right to come, a portion of them are unavoidably packed and jammed together in a way that reminds one more of a squeeze at the hustings than anything else.

Amidst the crowding and the consequent hum and noise, business is going on, little attention apparently being paid to it by the mass of the members. But, after a while, there is heard the cry of "Order! order!" which is followed by a sudden stillness; and then we catch the low clear tones of a voice often heard before, whose familiar accents tell us that the momentous measure of the day, to which the whole nation has been looking forward for months past—a measure pregnant with the future destinies of the country—is about to be submitted to the consideration of friends and foes, and to be weighed in the balances of opposing interests and opinions. It is but a word, a tone, a sound of emphasis, that now and then reaches the ears of us outsiders; but we hold our breath, or speak but in whispers, as if it were possible by attention to catch the sense. Now and then comes a low cheer, or a murmured "Hear, hear," from the approving auditors within, as the stream of eloquence rolls steadily on; but for the most part a charmed silence prevails, in deference as much to the speaker, whose utterances all are accustomed to reverence, as to his subject, in which all are too profoundly interested to feel or affect indifference. As we stand among the listeners who cannot hear, our thoughts involuntarily revert to the history of the speech which is being spoken. We see it taking shape in the shorthand of the reporters as fast as it falls from the orator's lips; we follow it as it is whirled off to the printers' offices, where it is written out with rapid pen, and leaps into type from the compositor's fingers—the close columns growing and growing as one flying recorder drops in after another, until the whole shall be ready to stand forth in print, almost before the hearers have grasped its full significance. We see it in fancy flashing along the telegraph-wires to all points of the compass, in our own and neighbouring lands—knowing for a certainty that, ere a few more suns have risen and set, it shall be

translated into every European tongue, and be the subject of comment among the continental nations.

We have plenty of time to indulge in such musings, for hour after hour flits by, and still the current of witching words flows on; and it is not until the third hour is far spent that a prolonged and repeated cheer from the benches within marks the conclusion of the oration. We do not wonder in the least that at this crisis there is a rather tumultuous and rapid exodus of members, not a few of whom have had to stand the whole time, and that numbers of them make for the refreshment-rooms, while others on the way thither manifest a decided unwillingness to be caught by the button and detained by watchers on the look-out for them.

But, though all has now been said and heard, and the great event has come fairly off, we on the wrong side of the door are no wiser than we were before; and now it is that everybody is asking of everybody what is what—what are the measures determined on or proposed? are they wise, sagacious, and satisfactory measures, or are they mere shifts of a timid expediency? By degrees the facts ooze out, and circulate among us in a rather indistinct way, more tantalizing than pleasant—one report contradicting another. Ere long, however, anxiety on that score is set at rest by the arrival and exhibition of printed documents setting forth seriatim the purport of all the proposed measures in a brief and intelligible form that admits of no misapprehension. As the knowledge thus communicated gains ground, inquiry gives place to comment, and it is curious enough to note the different opinions that pass from mouth to mouth, indicative as some of them are of the prodigious expectations which unreflecting persons are apt to entertain on matters of legislation. On the whole, however, the new propositions are received as liberal and encouraging; and now the crowd rapidly thins down and melts away—most of those present being eager to carry off the news and discuss it elsewhere—and long before the Speaker quits the chair all signs of a "crush in the Commons" have disappeared.

#### LIFE AT THE LITTLE TRIANON.

THE page of history does not contain a sadder narrative than that of the last days of Marie Antoinette. It absorbs all the sorrow of the reader; but there is much of her earlier life that may well engage our attention and sympathy.

She was the daughter of the Empress Queen Maria Theresa, whose heroic conduct, when assailed by the half of Europe, attracted so much admiration. Stating her grievances in the Diet of Hungary, the only part of her dominions that did not desert her, the members, drawing their swords, exclaimed with enthusiasm, "*Moriatur pro rege nostro, Maria Theresa!*" (We will die for our King, Maria Theresa!) The father of Marie Antoinette was Francis of Lorraine. Her birthday was on the 2nd of November, 1755, a day memorable for the calamitous event of Lisbon being swallowed up by an earthquake. This catastrophe, which appeared to stamp the era of her birth with a fatal mark, though it did not form a motive for superstitious fear, at times made a saddening impression on her mind.

The son of Louis xv, Dauphin, died before his father, and the grandson became Dauphin, and heir-apparent of the Crown of France, to which he afterwards succeeded as Louis xvi. For him the Duke of Choiseul, Prime Minister, solicited the hand of Marie Antoinette from the Court of Vienna, and she became Dauphiness of



France at the age of fifteen. There was an anti-Austrian party, headed by the Duke d'Agillon, and supported by the King's mistress, Madame du Barry, who became the enemy of Marie Antoinette. But the marriage was concluded before Choiseul fell from power, and the other party, however willing, could not break it off. Accordingly she came to Versailles, and Louis xv, with a baseness unworthy of a sovereign and father of a family, made the royal family and the ladies of the Court, including the young bride, sit down to supper with Madame du Barry.

The marriage festivities at Paris were accompanied with disastrous events. The scaffolds intended for the fireworks took fire, a frightful confusion ensued, and the young Dauphiness coming from Versailles, elated with joy, brilliantly decorated, and eager to witness the rejoicings of the people, fled from the dreadful scene, struck with consternation and drowned in tears, while the cries of the dying haunted her distracted imagination. One who was in the maddened crowd, and narrowly escaped with his life, many years afterwards gave the following description of it:—"The pageants and processions of the day passed off happily and well. Nearly all Paris was abroad in the streets, gardens, and squares; the people amusing themselves in a thousand ways, and, for a time, forgetting their misery in the sense of present enjoyment. The fireworks at night had been prepared on a scale of unusual grandeur; and, in order that the people might be gratified by seeing them all, they were informed by placards on the walls that the several exhibitions would take place one after another, with sufficient intervals of time between them to allow the people to proceed from place to place. This was a fatal mistake, the effects of which were not perceived till it was too late. Even in the early part of the evening there was much tumult and disorder from the eagerness of the crowd to rush from one point of sight to another and get the best places. Many fought to be first, while others were thrown down and trampled on, and were carried off to the hospitals. All this was nothing, however, to what took place at a later hour. When the crowning show was to come off, about midnight, the multitude, who had some distance to travel from the place of the preceding spectacle, and had diverged from it through various routes, all poured together into one comparatively narrow thoroughfare leading to their common destination. Some of the converging crowds met, and, from the pressure in the rear, which every moment grew greater, found it impossible to move. The scene which followed, and which lasted till the monstrous display of fireworks was over, defies all description. There was not room for half the multitude in the area chosen for the show, yet still the eager crowds in the rear pressed on. Driven to desperation, the jammed-up masses, in their struggles for air, fought madly with each other. Numbers were slain by the violence of the strong; numbers more died as they stood, simply pressed to death; and hundreds, sinking with exhaustion to the ground, were trampled out of life by their companions and fellow-victims. When the day dawned upon the scene, and the frantic mob had dispersed, the bodies of twelve hundred citizens, many of them mutilated past recognition, were found on the spot.

The sojourn of Marie Antoinette in France, which was inaugurated in such a dismal manner, was continued to the end with consistent unhappiness. The Dauphin, whose bride she was, treated her with the most mortifying neglect, and discovered not the smallest wish to be in her company. He smuggled into the palace a

mechanic of the meanest sort, that he might teach him to make locks and machinery and other unkingly acquirements. The poor neglected princess of fifteen was left to guide her conduct under the advice of a crafty and ambitious abbé, Vermond, and trammelled by old dowagers with the most slavish and wearisome etiquette. Everything she said or did was watched and misrepresented, and the most innocent occupations and adventures were cited as proofs of vice and immorality. Yet she was, in truth, a chaste and virtuous woman, and contrasted favourably indeed with the most famous and exalted of her contemporaries of the Royal and Imperial caste. When the infidel Frederick and the profligate Catherine were blazing their shame throughout Europe, the helpless young Austrian princess kept her personal character untainted, though mercilessly belied.

In May 1774 Louis xv was seized with small-pox, and it turned out to be of the confluent and most loathsome kind, a fitting emblem of the mental and moral character of the unhappy victim. He died on the 15th of May, neglected by his courtiers, male and female, who fled from the contagion. The Duke de Villequier, first gentleman of the bed-chamber, ordered M. Andouillé, the King's chief surgeon, to open the body and embalm it. "I am ready," replied Andouillé; "but while I operate you shall hold the head: your office imposes this duty upon you." The Duke went off without saying a word, and the corpse was neither opened nor embalmed.

Marie Antoinette was now Queen of France. The royal family immediately left for Choisy, and many of them were inoculated, by way of preventing the fatal disease which had carried off the late King. After the princes had recovered, the royal family began to wish for a little enjoyment. Private theatricals, open-air concerts and promenades gave varied entertainment.

In excursions to Marly, parties on horseback and in calashes were formed continually. The Queen was desirous to gratify herself with one very innocent enjoyment. She had never witnessed the dawn of day; and, having now no other consent to seek than that of the King, she intimated her wish to him. He agreed that she should go, at three o'clock in the morning, to the eminences of the gardens of Marly; and being, unfortunately, little disposed to share in her amusements, he himself went to bed. The Queen then carried her intention into effect; but, as she foresaw the possibility of some inconveniences in this nocturnal party, she determined on having a number of people with her, and even ordered her women to accompany her. All precautions were ineffectual to prevent the effects of calumny. A few days afterwards an infamous ballad was circulated at Paris. It was the base design of the anti-Austrian party to blacken her character, and diminish her rising popularity, that they might send her back to Vienna.

The King gave Marie Antoinette the Little Trianon, a seat close to Versailles, and she amused herself with improving the gardens, without allowing any addition to the building or any change in the furniture, which remained shabby enough till 1789; so that the charge of extravagance generally made against the Queen was altogether a popular error respecting her character. She took a great liking for her retirement of Trianon. She used to go there alone, followed by a valet; but she found attendants ready to receive her, a steward and his wife, who served her as *femme de chambre*, woman of the wardrobe, footman, etc. Some of the incidents that occurred at Trianon form the subject of our illustration. Her condescending manners, and her liberal charities to the poor, endeared her in the neighbourhood. She had always children belonging to the house



LOUIS XVI AND MARIE ANTOINETTE AT THE LITTLE TRIANON.



near her, and lavished the tenderest caresses upon them. A little village boy, four or five years old, full of health, with a pleasing countenance, remarkably large blue eyes, and fine light hair, carelessly got under the feet of the Queen's horses when she was taking an airing in a calash through the hamlet of Saint Michel, near Luciennes. The coachman and postillions stopped the horses, and the child was rescued from its imminent peril without the slightest injury. Its grandmother rushed out of the door of her cottage to take it; but the Queen stood up in her calash, and, extending her arms to the old woman, called out that the child was hers, and that Providence had given it to her to console her till she should have the happiness of having one herself.

"Is his mother alive?" asked the Queen.

"No, madam: my daughter died last winter, and left five small children upon my hands."

"I will take this one, and provide for all the rest. Do you consent?"

"Ah, madam, they are too fortunate," replied the cottager. "But James is very wayward: I hope he will stay with you."

The Queen, taking James upon her knee, ordered the equipage to proceed; but it was necessary to shorten the ride, so violently did James scream, and kick the Queen and her ladies. They arrived at Versailles, James screaming out lustily that he wanted his grandmother, his brother Louis, and his sister Marianne. He was taken away by the wife of a servant, who was appointed to attend him as nurse. The other children were put to school. James came back to the Queen two days afterwards in a non-peasant's dress. He was really beautiful. The Queen was delighted with him. He was brought to her every morning at nine o'clock. He breakfasted and dined with her, and often with the King. He was nearly twenty in the year 1792. The incendiary doings of the people, and the fear of being thought a favoured creature of the Queen, had made him the most sanguinary terrorist of Versailles. He was killed at the battle of Jemappes.

From 1775 to 1781 the life of the royal family was comparatively happy. The King delighted more in the society of his Queen, and, to her great joy, she became a mother. She gave birth to Madame on the 11th of December, 1778; and on the 22nd of October, 1781, to a Dauphin. The King went up to the Queen's bed, and said to her, "Madame, you have fulfilled my wishes and those of France: you are the mother of a Dauphin." The King's joy was boundless; tears streamed from his eyes; he gave his hand to every one present without distinction, and his happiness raised him quite above his habitual manner. Public affairs, too, prospered. The King was applauded as having given liberty to the United States of America, and having humbled the pride of England still further by the combined fleets of France and Spain chasing the navy of England into the ports of the Channel.

It is a familiar tale in history for a splendid commencement of a reign to close in darkness. Roman and Jewish courts can tell the same; it is common to European and Asiatic dynasties, to Pagan and Mohammedan glory. The lines of Gray, on our own Richard II, are applicable to a hundred parallel events:—

"Fair laughs the morn, and soft the zephyr blows,  
While proudly riding o'er the azure realm,  
In gallant trim the gilded vessel goes,  
Youth on the prow, and Pleasure at the helm,  
Regardless of the sweeping whirlwind's way,  
That, hushed in grim repose, expects his evening prey."

The frightful catastrophe of the French Revolution followed; and into the personal history of Marie

Antoinette, which is well known, during that dreadful and bloody outbreak, we do not propose to enter.

The moral and providential causes of all such reverses are not far to seek. Very simply and very decisively are they laid down by the apostle: "All that is in the world, the lust of the flesh, and the lust of the eyes, and the pride of life, is not of the Father, but is of the world. And the world passeth away, and the lust thereof: but he that doeth the will of God abideth for ever."

#### AN EVENING BY AN INDIAN LAKE.

We are on one of our hunts, deep in the jungles of Central India. The heat has been unusually intense, even beneath the shadow of the great primeval forest under which we roam. But evening draws on, and we breathe once more. My old *shikaree* is my only companion. Our little camp is pitched under the spreading branches of a veritable patriarch of the dell. It is near a ruined temple. The rippling brook, babbling by our tree so waywardly, sinks to rest at last in a lake; one of those mighty works of a past and forgotten age which serve—like fossil footprints on the buried rock—to show the world's antiquity. And wise in their generation were the old-world potentates, who caused these glorious lakes—vast treasure-coffers of life-giving water—to enrich the land. Stretching away towards the distant hills and dark-green forest, like some giant's silver shield dropped in Titan tournament, lies this vast reservoir. High over head, cutting the air on rapid pinion, come a flock of green parakeets, all screaming shrilly, as if each had an especial grievance and wanted to tell it first. The lake is their destination, and thither will we follow them. So up, Chimmah of the long legs; out with the guns and my fishing-rod. Let us be moving, as we shall have no time to throw away. The brammy kites have come down from the higher air, where during the heat of the day they have been sailing lazily round in the cool upper currents. There, too, on a small stunted tree, with wings outspread and beak wide open, the very picture of fear and wretchedness, cowers an old gray-backed crow; whilst just above him hover a couple of long-tailed, vixenish-looking birds, which, by a succession of sudden downward darts, on the "one down and the other come on" principle, make the crow's position far from an enviable one. Why such a persistent system of persecution should be followed out towards solitary members of the crow family by birds of this kind—crow-king (*Tyrannus intrepidus*)—I am at a loss to imagine; but so surely as a couple of their majesties catch an unfortunate victim away from home, on matters of pleasure or business, he receives from them what amongst our American cousins is known as "the tallest kind of caution." There, too, amongst the branches of a huge old tamarind-tree, are a whole colony of monkeys noisily discussing some knotty point of domestic economy, until a gray-bearded, long-whiskered old fellow—evidently either a beadle, or some such high authority in the forest community—rushes violently at a younger member, seizes his tail, and bites it, which at once breaks up the meeting. Numerous personalities appear to be still passing, until we are observed, when the branches are violently shaken, and warning notes sounded, far and near, through the grove.

Here, too, among the loose rocks and stones, grow dense masses of cactus, or prickly pear, with its crimson oval fruit and needle-like thorns; and from among its columnar stalks and dry withered roots peeps out

sharply a keen, silver-gray, weazel-like animal, not unlike a large ferret. Lissome and abrupt are its movements, as it darts suddenly from stem to stem, and from root to root, peering about inquisitively. What can he be, and what the object of his search? He is a mongoose, the Indian snake-killer, and is without doubt in search of a nice fat young cobra for his supper. A belief widely prevails that, in the event of the mongoose receiving a bite from his deadly antagonist, a certain plant is at once sought to act as an antidote to the venom. I have taken much trouble and devoted some considerable time in order to discover, if possible, the plant, if any, in which this priceless virtue lies, but, alas! without success; and, however painful to one's feelings it may be to see a time-honoured and prettily-conceived fabric such as this sink into nought, experience compels me to declare my unbelief in any plant of potent strength sought by the mongoose. Much of its immunity from danger arises from the extraordinary agility and adroitness displayed in its attacks on snakes, which are so suddenly pounced on and severely bitten as to render successful resistance next to impossible. Bites, even when inflicted, are not fatal to the mongoose.

And now the fragrant flowering grasses, tall tufted reeds and water-plants show us we are on the lake shore; and there, in glassy basin among the lilies, moves stealthily a pair of dusky water-rails, with their infant brood of mouse-like little ones, whilst a sedate old bittern, like a feathered philosopher, stands on a stone, apparently absorbed in some abstruse mental calculation. There, too, up to their very knees in water, stand half-a-dozen ibises, looking as if their beaks were far too heavy for them, and that stiff necks must be the result of their amusement.

Under the shadow of the rock, where the brook dashes through a narrow cleft and leaps into the lake, will we try our luck among the finny denizens of the jeel. So we screw the rod together, mount our tackle, and proceed to business. Chimmah is artful in the preparation of enticements. Nuts of peculiar toothsome-ness have been by him procured in the jungle, and roasted to a turn. With these we bait, throwing in from time to time handfuls of the sandy soil of the banks. No sneaking nibbles, or coy, underhand—or rather underwater—suckings are met with here. Our float, a good honest old wine-cork, is pulled clean out of sight at once by the fish, a species of carp (the rohita), about which both the Hindoo and Mohammedan inhabitants of India have some wild and mystic legends. Back, say the Hindoos, in the very old times (the "sut jug," or golden age), before the great cave-temples were hewn from the living rock by the *jaines*, a mighty deluge swept o'er the land, during which a "djin," or demon, pounced on the Vedas, or sacred writings, and bore them triumphantly away in the vast rolling flood. But Vishnu, equal to the occasion, in his second *avatar*, assumed the form of a *rohita*, the better to accomplish the laudable design of recovering the lost treasure from the literary demon of acquisitive habits. Among the Mussulmen a high order of nobility\* had its origin in the feeling of respect entertained for our scaly friends, who, by-the-bye, either in spite or virtue of their nobility, are stubborn as mules, pull like young dray-horses, and show a strong disposition to run head-foremost among the weeds; but we keep them well in hand with a light line: our tackle is strong, of Farlow's best; so we are not disappointed, and our bag increases.

Close to where we sit is a small round hole in the sandy soil, rather less than a mouse-hole.

\* Mahi Maratib.

"Ha, Chimmah thê knowing, what lives there?"

"Bitchu [scorpion], sahib," promptly replies Chimmah, who at once makes arrangements for its capture.

A flat piece of split bamboo, like a large paper-knife, is procured; a small stick, twisted in the middle like a pair of forceps, fashioned; a long bit of grass, with a tuft at the end, picked; and Chimmah proceeds to inveigle the scorpion, which he does by gently tickling, so to speak, the mouth of the hole with the grass, when in an instant out rushes Bitchu, tail on end, and claws upraised, to punish the intruder.

The flat wooden knife is now thrust down through the earth behind him, completely cutting off his retreat. The tweezers are called into requisition to extract the pugnacious gentleman from the mouth of his hole, which is rapidly and dexterously performed by the artful Chimmah, who shows all his white teeth, like an ebony box of ivory dominoes, as the infuriated reptile impotently stings the twisted twig. Chimmah's victory being established, the portcullis is withdrawn, and Master Bitchu allowed to scuttle back to his underground mansion, a wiser, if not a better scorpion; for Chimmah and I fully understand each other, and do not wantonly take the lives of curious and interesting creatures which constantly cross the path and are at our mercy, unless in self-defence, or to obtain food for ourselves and companions.

But we are not the only candidates for the silvery inhabitants of the lake. There hovers the pied king-fisher, with ponderous beak, and head bent down, on fluttering wing, scanning the crystal depths below; when, on a sudden, down he comes, like a solid ball of lead, striking the water with a dead heavy plunge, as though a stone had fallen from on high, and is lost to view. No; here he is again, with a bright glittering little fish in his strong mandibles, and away he shoots, in straight arrow-like flight, to the high rugged banks opposite, where in some deep hole no doubt lies concealed his wide-mouthed, hungry brood. Here, from between the yellow rustling reeds and bright green water-plants, with head erect, diamond eyes, and gaily-painted skin, comes rapidly along a water-snake, leaving an eddying wake behind him, like a pigmy screw steamer. If I mistake not, some of those plump young frogs, who croak with such intense self-satisfaction from among the broad leaves, will find him more free than welcome; but we fish on quietly, and allow him to follow the dictates of his will unmolested; for even snakes are epicurean enough at times to think of supper. Flocks of diminutive doves come trustingly down to the lake-shore to quench their thirst, thrust their beaks into the clear water and drink, until we wonder when they are going to stop. Pert mina-birds,\* too, skim down by couples, sip daintily, make loud and shrill remarks, as though in disparagement of other birds in general, but of doves in particular; chatter, gurgle, croak, as if half-choked, and then dart off as though in fear of being locked out for the night; and we, too, must shortly wend our way homewards. But what shadowy phantom forms are those which come trooping down the gorge towards the lake? Antelopes, most certainly.

Quick, Chimmah, the rifle! The light breeze blowing comes directly up the lake, so they will not scent us. Down, down amongst the thorny creepers and loose rocks; now on all-fours; now, like colossal frogs, flat on our faces. Chimmah and I approach the herd. A slight sound, caused by a displaced stone, breaks the silence; the herd stop, and strike sharply on the hard ground with their small sharp hoofs, impatiently sniff

\* The mocking-bird of India.

the air, listen, and turn quickly. Now, or never. "Joe Lang" lies well behind the shoulder of one of them: a sharp ringing crack, a dull heavy thud, a leap in the air, and a dead antelope is added to our store; whilst the other members of the herd take high springs, and sweep off to the plains with the speed of the wind, and we see no more of them. So we cut a narrow slit behind each back-tendon of the dead antelope's hocks, draw the fore posterns through, secure them; chop down a strong young bamboo with our hunting-knife, thrust it between the legs of our prey, shoulder the two ends, and trot off back to our fishing-station; pack up our kit, and wend our way towards the leafy canopy we call home.

And it is time we should do so, as night comes down on us in these Eastern lands with marvellous rapidity. The fire-flies glance like living gems among the feathery foliage of the tamarinds, sparkle and shoot out in a dancing throng, like sparks from an armourer's forge. The chirpings and "wheelie-wheelings" of countless tiny insects and reptiles come up from among the tangled thickets and waving grass; whilst the long-sustained wailing cry of the jackal is borne sadly on the evening air. But there in the distance, with a bright, ruddy glow, shines our own fire, under our own tree. The horses neigh and whinny familiarly as we pass. The members of my little camp are in full activity: dried fish and venison steak for supper, with a healthy appetite for sauce, to-night. And so ends a sportsman-naturalist's "evening by an Indian lake."

#### PERAMBULATORS.

It has well been said that a sensible man of business, desirous of making money, should not produce fancy articles suited only to the few; but that he should work for "the million." If this statement is to be accepted as absolutely true, then the inventor of babies' perambulators should have been not only the most sensible of mankind, but also one of the richest; for, so long as the world exists, children will be born to the world, and every child of civilized parents should have a perambulator. The following narrative may tend to prove that a man may work for the million, and not, for all that, become a millionaire; but do not our grammars inform us that every rule has its exceptions? There was here, however, no exception to the rule that inventors do not usually reap the reward of their inventions.

Perambulators are now so familiar and so universally in use, that few, probably, are aware how recent is their origin. It is not fifteen years since they were introduced. Necessity, the acknowledged mother of invention, may be said to have originated the perambulator, under circumstances that it may interest the reader to know something about.

In 1848 Mr. Charles Burton, an accomplished lithographic artist, went to America, having heard that there was a good opening for the exercise of his art. His wife presented him with his first-born son, in a part of the world where nursemaids are not over many, nor to be depended upon over much. As the child grew, the mother did not like to intrust it to the rough handling of an Irish "help;" so Mr. Burton, who was an ingenious mechanic, set his inventive powers to work, in order to save the fatigue of constant carrying. He occupied furnished lodgings in New York, and, having procured three wheels, he set about attaching to them a body, and other appurtenances which altogether make up a perambulator. I can readily imagine how disagreeable he made himself to the fellow-lodgers, if any. If you or

I had a lodger occupying one of our nice rooms, it would be most objectionable to have our peace disturbed by knocking, and our carpet matted by shavings or saw-dust. If, therefore, the American landlady gave Mr. Burton notice to quit, I do not much wonder at it. Under these unfavourable circumstances the first perambulator was constructed, and in due time it made its first public appearance, with its living freight, on the Battery at New York. The American ladies on that crowded promenade looked on delighted. The mother was besieged by inquiries where one of these "nice little cars" could be obtained. But the New York ladies were not destined to be gratified on that occasion. Mr. Burton, the inventor, though temporarily in the United States, did not forget that he was an Englishman; and so, actuated by feelings in which patriotism may have had no little share, he came back, after a time, to his native land, having first taken his perambulator to pieces, that he might not leave the secret behind him.

We now shift the scene, and encounter Mr. Burton on another field. He is in England, and repeating his manufacture of a perambulator. To promote secrecy he works in his own parlour; the work advances, the little carriage is complete, and presently a specimen perambulator might have been seen displayed at the corner of the gateway entrance of Kensington Palace, where Mr. Burton had then a private house. A small stock—a very small stock—was inside, stored in one of the parlours. The inventor, having concluded his labours for a time, had only to wait. We will now see how his waiting took effect.

One day a gentleman walked in, looked over the stock, and ended by purchasing a four-guinea perambulator. The bill for it had to be made out, and the purchaser's name had to be inserted in the bill. He was the Duke of Leinster. From that day, and for some time to come, the fortune of perambulators was in the ascendant. His grace, it seems, had been a silent spectator of Mr. Burton's achievement some time previously. He had watched the performance of the little carriage, under Mrs. Burton's guidance, in Kensington Gardens. Stimulated by this encouragement, or patronage may be a better word, Mr. Burton thought the time had come for him to have a more convenient factory than a small back parlour. He removed to New Oxford Street, where probably some who peruse this will remember the display made by these pretty little carriages in a shop window. Perambulators commended themselves to the public taste at once. Every materfamilias, every paterfamilias (not to speak of nurses), hailed them as a boon. Certain ill-tempered bachelors did indeed protest against them, complaining that perambulator-drivers did occasionally drive the new-fangled machines against their shins. But the baby-carriages multiplied, and the fame of the invention spread far and wide.

It would have given some amusement could any of us have seen Mr. Burton when just settled down in Oxford Street, getting his staff of workmen together. Few of us know, perhaps, what peculiar troubles await upon him who devises a new manufacture: not only have the principles to be devised, but, in a manner so to speak, the workmen also. A very motley set of artisans were congregated in the workshop of Mr. Burton—cabinet-makers, carpenters, carriage-makers, even undertakers were pressed into the service. The greatest trouble he had was given by the wheel-makers. The first difficulty was in the matter of expense, one wheel-maker at the commencement of operations asking no less than two pounds for three small wheels! Well, Mr.



Burton triumphed over his difficulties at last, and met with a reward he valued even more, perhaps, in some respects, than the hard cash his extensive sales then, and for a considerable time subsequently, brought him. Three perambulators were ordered for the Palace, and

after a long and painful illness, the worthy man, from whose ingenuity so many had derived comfort, died in St. Bartholomew's Hospital.\*

The era of perambulators has not gone by, in proof whereof be pleased to note the number of makers now



THE OLD GO-CART AND THE MODERN PERAMBULATOR.

soon followed a recognition of the value in which these delightful little locomotives were held in the highest quarters. Her Majesty's patronage must have been of much avail, and other royal customers followed; first the Queen of Spain, next the Pacha of Egypt, and after them other exalted personages. Baby-perambulation by maternal hands became what fashionable people call the "ton," and unfashionable people the "rage." The daughter of a certain noble duke having been seen one morning propelling her own little darling along the causeway of Bond Street, the tale got about, and other mammas, less elevated as to rank, followed his grace's daughter's example.

The inventor had now climbed upwards to what we may call metaphorically the pinnacle of his fame. He was, moreover, well advanced on the road to fortune; when fortune, fickle as she notoriously is reputed to be, revolved her wheel and dealt the inventor a provokingly evil turn. It so happened that there were at that time (as there still are) more Burtons in the world than one; it further happened that other Burtons, and rivals of Burton, began to manufacture perambulators.

Mr. Charles Burton had patented his invention, but the specification was not such as to prevent various modifications of three-wheeled baby-carriages. Imitations were made, near enough the original to confuse the public, without infringing the patent. Numerous shops sprang up in the vicinity, and, as the demand by this time had come to exceed the supply, cheap articles, greatly inferior to the original, found a ready sale. The upshot of it all was that, after great outlay and an arduous struggle, Mr. Burton was overborne, and from affluence gradually sunk into poverty. His health gave way, and,

in the field. A dubious homage also is paid to the original inventor, by many of the shop-signs in New Oxford Street still bearing the name of Burton, in some way or other introduced.

Of late years many alterations have been effected in these little carriages; but it would be a misuse of terms to call them all improvements. For example, the addition of a fourth wheel, as is now sometimes met with, cannot be pronounced an improvement, but the reverse. Not only is the carriage rendered heavier thereby—a point of great importance—but, seeing that all roads are more or less uneven, and that three bearing surfaces lend themselves with greater facility to inequalities than four, it follows that a four-wheel perambulator only tends to the chance of an overturn. A swivel wheel in front is also a mistake. On a sloping pavement, if the attention were taken off, the carriage might be turned into the road. The real perambulator is, in effect, a gig, or two-wheeled carriage; the third wheel being only a support, and tending to keep the course straight when not necessary to steer. In Mr. Burton's perambulators the handle was not only elegant in form, taken from Hogarth's "line of beauty," but its length gave leverage, which made both propelling and steering easy, while the slinging of the body with due regard to the centre of gravity rendered the whole carriage as safe as it was pleasant. Neither can the heavy metal-work to be met with in the construction of certain modern perambulators be

\* A statement of the case by Mr. Deputy Charles Reed, F.R.S., brought generous help from the Lady Mayoress, the Baroness de Rothschild, and others, for the destitute widow and family. Had the appeal been more widely known, it would, no doubt, have elicited a response from former customers of Mr. Burton, and from many who have benefited by his invention.

regarded as advantageous. In such a vehicle the greatest lightness, consistent with sufficient strength, should be aimed at by the maker. This desideratum will be most fully secured by using a very tough wood for the carriage generally, fortifying it by the very minimum of iron or any other metal. Some of the original perambulators only weighed about twenty pounds: they might easily be lifted, child and all, over a gate or stile. With many of the latest manufactured, and so-called improved perambulators, this sort of manipulation would be impossible for any lady or nursemaid—in certain cases impossible for a man. Many of the machines are made by mere carpenters—copiers of mechanical patterns, without intelligent knowledge of the principles of the invention. One maker, innocent of any idea of what is meant by the centre of gravity, and wondering why his carriages were prone to tip backwards, made his handles straight poles, slightly sloped from the perpendicular, and, for additional security, attached two heavy bent pieces of iron to the axletree! We have seen a perambulator weighing sixty pounds, and fifty is no uncommon weight.

One word, in conclusion, about the abuse of perambulators. For their use we always suppose a wise mother or careful nurse. But all mothers are not wise, nor are all nurses careful. Children are likely to be exposed for longer times to the scorching sun or the piercing wind in a perambulator (if without hood or sun-shade) than when carried in arms. One great advantage intended from the carriage being pushed instead of drawn is that the child should be always in sight. But a nurse too often may be seen paying as little heed to her helpless charge as in the old days of go-carts, when a child has been known to be left sprawling on the road for ten minutes before it was missed. It is also an abuse of perambulators to trundle them along crowded streets in the busy time of the day, especially when they are of the heavy angular construction too frequently met with. In spite of these exceptional abuses, there are few inventions of recent times that have more conduced to domestic comfort than the perambulator.

## NOTES ON WORKHOUSE LIFE.

BY A CHAPLAIN.  
VII.

THE great bulk of paupers requiring separate treatment on account of insanity are lodged in the county or borough lunatic asylums for paupers; but some workhouses have *lunacy wards*, in which those patients are placed whose malady is not of the worst type. These wards are completely separate from the others, with officers specially appointed to them, but are under the general oversight of the governor and matron. They have a somewhat more cheerful aspect than the ordinary wards—that is, so far as the rooms themselves are concerned, being hung with pictures, and otherwise better fitted up. But, under any circumstances, a collection of insane persons is a mournful sight.

The inmates of these wards are of two classes—the insane and the idiotic. Amongst the former there are those who, apart from the peculiar phases of their malady, are perhaps the most intelligent inmates of the house. The writer took to each of the wards of Lupton Workhouse a large-type publication, containing a classification of texts of Scripture for each day of the month; and on explaining its purport in the lunacy wards, one of the company said, "It's quite an epitome of the Bible." These inmates do all the household work required in

their department; there being always a sufficient number of patients competent for the duties. In many cases their complaint happily proves only of temporary character. An interesting young woman, who was in the way of recovery, was on one occasion visited by her friends, and, on their speaking of taking her home, she put her hand to her forehead, and said she should wish to remain until she was "all right here."

Amongst the *idiotic* inmates of these wards are some of the most helpless and pitiable specimens of humanity. Epileptic fits have left them destitute not only of mental but also of bodily power. The sight of a number of persons in this lamentable state, sitting side by side in various postures, but each unvarying as to his own posture, without any expression in the eye or mark of intelligence in the countenance, without the power of utterance and without ideas to utter—this sight is certainly one of the saddest that the eye of man can look upon.

Every workhouse has its *Lying-in Ward*, and its occupants, in the great majority of instances, answer to the graphic description of our workhouse poet:—

"Forsaken wives, and mothers never wed."

In Lupton Workhouse there are about twenty-five births in a year.

The *Lock Hospital* of the workhouse presents a most powerful commentary upon the text, "The way of transgressors is hard." Some of the poor, afflicted creatures are girls not out of their teens, whose looks are still innocent, the vicious conduct into which they have been seduced not having yet stamped its hard lines upon their countenance. Many of them seem repentant under suffering, and a casual observer would suppose that, of all the inmates of the workhouse, they were the most hopeful. But alas for the bondage of iniquity! When sufficiently restored to leave their place of confinement and go out into the world again, they too frequently relapse into their former evil courses.

The *Vagrant Office*, or nightly refuge for the homeless and wandering poor, is another of the departments of the workhouse which present a lamentable picture of human wretchedness. The shades of evening never gather round the workhouse gates but some poor, lost, pitiable objects approach them to obtain a shelter for the night. Some few, it may be, are really wandering in search of employment, or are actually returning, as they represent, to their parishes; but the major portion, it cannot be denied, are vagrants proper, and these are the very dregs of society. Destitute alike of property, home, status, reputation, and character, they go they care not whither, and pass their days without any motive beyond the satisfying of their immediate necessities and desires. Their conduct is most reckless. They not unfrequently tear into shreds or burn in their winter's fire every rag of their scanty and worthless clothing, and are conducted in the morning from the workhouse to the magistrate's office in a canvas sheet. At a neighbouring workhouse they even burnt the clumsy bedstocks and straw and other bedding in the room assigned to them; and there is now no bed, except a large fixture of wood, unsupplied with any covering whatever. If the actual perpetrators of the offence had been the only sufferers, it would be a matter the less to be regretted; but, unfortunately, the consequences of their evil doings are entailed upon their successors.

It must, however, be confessed that the workhouse refuges where these things have been done are those at which no food is allowed. The practice varies at different towns; the men at some towns having the offer of

breakfast on condition of two hours' labour, at others receiving bread without the imposition of labour, and at others no food at all being given. The guardians who deny food do so with the idea of discouraging vagrancy; but surely they are dealing out very hard measure, and the privation will press with extreme severity in those cases in which the destitute individuals come hungry to the gates in the hope of obtaining food as well as shelter, and lie down fasting on a hard and sleepless couch, to be sent away still fasting in the morning.

In a town of forty thousand with which the writer is acquainted, the nightly number received at the vagrant office averages about twenty, the number of men being about two thirds, and one third women and children. This by no means represents the whole of the vagrants passing daily to and fro, but only the most destitute portion of them; as most of them whose day's begging has yielded a few pence go to the common lodging-houses. What thousands of the class there must be in the various towns throughout the kingdom!

When this way of life has been once taken up, it is seldom or never relinquished as long as there is the physical capability of pursuing it. While the writer was engaged upon these pages he was interrupted by a call from an old man, who some time previously had spent a few weeks in Lupton Workhouse, and had now come to solicit alms. On being recommended to return to the workhouse, he said he had passed the previous night in the vagrant office there, but his own parish was a hundred miles off, and he was returning thither. The weather being cold and stormy, he was strongly advised to get an order for Lupton Workhouse, that the authorities might give him a pass to his parish. And he then confessed that he had been conveyed to his parish at their expense on the last occasion, and added that, if he went to them again, they would most likely send him to prison. He had become a temporary inmate of Lupton Workhouse through sickness, and was passed off to — Workhouse in his native union on recovery; but he soon left, and, after wandering over several counties, now turned up again at Lupton.

#### VIII.

AFTER OUR brief but painful survey of the afflicted and unfortunate classes, it is a relief to turn to the young.

An eloquent preacher, in a funeral sermon on occasion of the death of a promising young man, offered, in conclusion, a word of consolation to those parents who *never had* any children. It was a *lapsus lingue*, but no one would have any difficulty in understanding what persons he meant. And the writer, commiserating such persons, has pleasure in suggesting a means of obtaining substantial comfort. Let them go to the nearest workhouse and ask for the room where the babies are. Let them look upon them in sleeping innocence, as they are laid in the row of heavy deal cradles; or let them reciprocate the happy smiles which, in their blessed ignorance of orphanage, or ignominy, or pauperism, mantle upon their faces; and if, although not mothers, they have the hearts of mothers, and are really, as it is sometimes said, pining for children, let them go away without making a selection from the motherless ones amongst these infants *if they can*.

In Lupton Workhouse the children are brought into the girls' school at about four years of age, and the boys are transferred to the boys' school at seven; the division of boys and girls commencing at that age in all workhouses. But in some of the smaller establishments the two sexes are assembled in the school-room, one teacher being employed for both.

A visit to the boys' school will afford pleasure to any one who is interested in young people. Their writing is very good, and their books are clean. There are always individuals amongst them who present a fair development of mind and intelligence. There is a boy in Lupton Workhouse who has taken up picture colouring; and his skill and taste are pronounced by competent judges to be very creditable.\* The elder boys are engaged alternately half the day in industrial occupations; and they make their own beds and sweep their room. They are taken from the house at about twelve years of age, there being a constant demand for them as apprentices; and the writer has great satisfaction in stating that, as far as his own experience extends, he can make a generally favourable report concerning them. Those masters who have taken boys out in former years are the most frequent in their inquiries for others. One such master who was taking a boy from the House remarked to the writer that a workhouse apprentice of his, who had served his time, was now in the habit of wearing better clothes than himself. A band of respectable youths may be seen in the dining-hall at the annual Christmas dinner who would pass muster in any company. These are some of the former inmates, who are serving their apprenticeship in different parts of the union, and have come to spend a holiday with their old school-fellows on the festal occasion. We can imagine it possible, though it is certainly not probable, that there may be a second Dr. Kitto in the number; but if, as they have been taught, they respectively "endeavour to do their duty in that state of life into which it has pleased God to call them," they will prove useful members of society, and all reasonable expectations will have been fulfilled.

In the metropolitan and some of the more populous provincial districts, the children are located in district schools. A discussion of the relative merits of the two modes of disposing of pauper children would be out of the scope of these papers; but the following extract from the report of Sir John Walsham, Poor Law Inspector, may be presented as well worthy of consideration:—"The longer I compared the very serious, if not invincible obstacles and objections to the distribution of rural unions into school districts with the substantial and increasing, though undoubtedly in some respects inferior, benefits attainable by the children brought up in workhouse schools, and under the immediate supervision of the guardians of their respective parishes, the more convinced I become, not only of the inexpediency of overruling the opposition of the local boards to district schools by the strong hand of central authority, but of the sufficiency of many of the grounds upon which that opposition rested." In the account of a visit to the District School at Sutton, which appears in No. 635 of "The Leisure Hour," the comparison between the district and workhouse school is with the workhouse school of the past, and not of the present day.

The mental calibre of the girls in Lupton Workhouse is inferior to that of the boys, and this altogether apart from the question of their teaching. The same labour bestowed does not seem to yield the same results. The answering in catechetical instruction is more mechanical in its character, and altogether there appears to be less aptitude for the gaining of intelligence. There are, however, occasional exceptions. The following prayers were written by two of the school-girls without any prompting or assistance:—

\* This boy has been apprenticed to a painter since the above was written, and is going on very well.



"Almighty God, Thou hast promised both to hear and answer prayer. Incline our hearts to all that is good, that we may be humble, true, and just, and that we may fear and love Thee above all things. O Lord, forgive all our sins, for we are all sinful creatures in Thy sight. And, O Lord, bless our teachers and all that are in authority over us. Bless to us, we pray thee, whatever good instruction we have had given us. Help us carefully to remember them and daily improve them. Bless us, we pray Thee, in our learning, and make us increase in knowledge and wisdom and all virtues. Grant, O Lord, that we may live a godly life, that we may join in those unspeakable joys, for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen. RUTH B—."

"O Lord God, take away our sinful hearts and pour Thy Holy Spirit into our hearts, and then at last we may be found righteous in Thy sight, and live with Thee in Heaven, there to reign with Thee for ever and ever. Amen."

"Almighty Father, who dost give us all things, send us Thy help from above; blot out all our sins, and make us to feel that without a Saviour we are lost, for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen."

"O God, Thou art good. Thou canst answer our prayers, and fill our hearts full of love towards Thee. We have a good deal to be thankful for. Thou dost keep us from harm by night and by day. Thou dost give us food and clothing, and [grant] that we may meet at [in] Thy heavenly kingdom. And bless my teachers and those who are in authority over us; for the merits of Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen."

"ELIZABETH J—."

The testimony of the ladies of the Workhouse Visiting Society, and of the Poor Law Inspectors, as to the results of workhouse training for girls, has been of very conflicting character. It must be confessed that the zeal of these ladies in the earlier days of their benevolent enterprises led them into some exaggerations in their views. The inspectors entered upon a formal investigation, and replied by an array of statistics to the following statement of Miss L. Twining's made before the Education Commission: "Inquire into the history of the girls and women to be found in the adult wards of the workhouses, and they will be found to have been, generally speaking, brought up in pauper schools."

The reply of the inspectors was most conclusive. In a union district with a population of one million six hundred thousand, there were four hundred and ninety-six single women inmates of the workhouses in consequence of immoral conduct, and of these only twenty-six, or five and a quarter per cent., had been two years or upwards in the workhouse schools. In another union district, the returns, though less satisfactory, differed widely from Miss Twining's statement. Out of five hundred and one single women who had come to the workhouses through misconduct, the number who had been two years or upwards in the workhouse schools was seventy-two, or about fourteen per cent. And the following general summary is given: "The number of young persons who were in the workhouse schools of the several unions and parishes in England and Wales for a period of not less than two consecutive years, within the ten years ended the 31st day of December, 1860, and who have left the workhouse for service or industrial occupation: males, 15,710; females, 14,030."

"The number of such young persons who have returned to the workhouse by reason of their own misconduct: males, 880 [5½ per cent.]; females, 1756 [12½ per cent.]."

"The number who have returned to the workhouse

from causes not involving their own misconduct: males, 1363; females, 1896."

The above returns, it will be seen, are confined to children who have been two years or upwards in workhouse schools. A shorter period than two years was considered insufficient to test the results of workhouse education. But the inspectors would have shown more generosity to their fair opponent, and at the same time have strengthened rather than weakened their own side, had they furnished a column of the total numbers of those who had been in the schools without reference to the time spent therein, and had returned to the workhouses through misconduct. For, while in that case the discrepancy between their returns and Miss Twining's statement would have been less marked, they could have pointed to the difference in the two columns, presuming that a material difference would have been presented, as an evidence in favour of the workhouse schools, when a sufficient time was allowed to test their operation. If, on the other hand, the children merely passing through the schools, and "who when out are, in many instances, subject to the worst external influences," did not present a greater proportion of failures in moral conduct in after-life than of the children who had spent two years, or longer, in the schools, this would have been a piece of information that ought by all means to have been made known. In any case, such a column would have added to the value of the returns.

The inspectors speak in a disparaging tone of the "Industrial Home for Girls," which has been founded by the Workhouse Visiting Society; but, without subscribing to all the views of these benevolent ladies as to the immoral influences of workhouse life on the juvenile female inmates, the writer is firmly persuaded that a separate establishment, conducted solely with a view to the preparation of the inmates for domestic service, and presided over by ladies who will take a kindly interest in the welfare of the young people after they have gone out into the world, is calculated to be of the highest service, and is well deserving of the sympathy and support of the true philanthropist. The fact that twelve and a half per cent. of the girls sent out from the workhouses, after a residence of two years or longer consecutively, return to them again by reason of their own misconduct surely affords a sufficient plea for a special effort on behalf of this class of the poor. Granted that the failures are to be attributed to the baneful examples and associations to which these children are exposed before entering the workhouse, and are not chargeable upon any contaminating influences there, yet an organisation that seems so well calculated to grapple with the evil ought not to be written down until it has had a fair trial.

#### IX.

THERE is no other abode in the kingdom where the mortality is so great as in the workhouse. In the infirmary the incurable, in all save extreme cases, are discharged; but the major portion of those who come to the workhouse spend their last days within its walls. The workhouse population consisting chiefly of persons disabled by sickness, constitutional infirmity, or old age, a high rate of mortality is to be expected. The workhouse, being the last resort, is emphatically the place of death.

In Lupton Workhouse the yearly deaths amount to about twenty-five per cent. of the average number of inmates; and there is no reason to suppose that the mortality here is greater than in any of the other workhouses in the country. But the yearly deaths do not fluctuate with the variations in the list of inmates, or, at least, not to the same extent with those variations.

When there is a full house the per-centage of deaths is under the twenty-five per cent. ratio; but when the number of inmates is unusually low the death-rate is considerably over twenty-five per cent. The cause of this will be obvious when it is considered that the fluctuation in the numbers of inmates is chiefly in the able-bodied wards; and that, consequently, when we have a thin house, there is a greater proportion of sick, infirm, and aged inmates than when the house presents its average, or more than its average, numbers; and *vice versa*. In the half-year ending, for instance, Sept. 30, 1864, the numbers ranged about thirty below the ordinary average, and the deaths were at the rate of thirty-eight per cent. for the year; while, in the corresponding six months of 1863, the mean number, in consequence of a portion of the district being affected by the cotton famine, was about fifty above the average, and the deaths were at the rate of twenty and one-third per cent. for the year. In the same year, without any general epidemic or single perceptible cause, the actual as well as the relative mortality was greater than usual, especially during the summer months.

A man who had been two years in one of the sick wards of Lupton Workhouse, containing fifteen single beds, informed the writer that during that period twenty-two deaths had taken place in that one room; and from December 10th to 12th, 1861, there were three deaths in that room within forty hours. There is, therefore, no class of persons to whom the scenes of death are more familiar than the inmates of the sick-room of a workhouse.

It is not the writer's intention to enter upon the more deeply important spiritual aspects of the subject. Suffice it to say that, with regard to those who have led ungodly lives, there is often such indication of repentance as may afford to survivors a greater or less degree of hope; while, at the same time, the uncertainty hanging over the cases is such, that it allows no warrant for procrastination in those matters which pertain to a man's highest interests.

After death the corpse is borne out to the dead-house in the bed-clothes, the bearers holding by the corners and the sides; and how familiar this sight is to those who are inmates of the sick wards for any length of time will appear from what has already been stated.

Information of a death is immediately sent to the friends of the deceased, and they have the opportunity of conveying the body away, and interring it at their own charge, if their means allow of it, and their disposition prompts them so to do. About three-tenths of the inmates dying in Lupton Workhouse are thus conveyed to their long home by their surviving relatives, leaving seven-tenths to be interred at the expense of the union.

The Lupton Cemetery being at the other extremity of the town, a hearse is needed for each interment; and a workhouse funeral, which, if not a daily, is a more than weekly sight, is known by the six bearers who walk by the side of the hearse. They are decently habited in black, which is kept for the purpose, and are often the sole attendants. Although the ablest of the "able-bodied inmates" are chosen for this duty, two or three of the half-dozen may generally be described as men "past work." Frequently these six bearers are the only attendants, the deceased having no near relatives, or none in the locality, or none who have a sufficient regard for his memory to induce them to appear at a "pauper funeral." Sometimes there is one solitary individual following as mourner, the husband or the wife, the brother or the sister, the father or the mother, the

son or the daughter of the departed one, as the case may be. At one of the most recent funerals from Lupton Workhouse the sole mourner was the mother, herself an inmate, a widow in her eighty-fifth year. As she was ill able to walk the distance, an attempt was made to lift her up by the side of the driver of the hearse, but this was found impracticable, and, had it succeeded, it might have been unsafe. So she followed on foot, the hearse being conducted slower than its wont, in accommodation to her tottering steps. Occasionally there is a display of cabs or coaches, which is greatly to be reprehended, as the individuals thereby proclaim their capability of relieving the parish of the expense of the funeral.

In the taking away of corpses from the workhouse for interment by friends, strange mistakes have been known to occur. Some years ago, in Ireland, the cottage occupied by a decent elderly couple was visited by fever, the wife being the person stricken. She was taken to the workhouse, and her husband called from time to time; but, in consequence of the nature of the disease, he was not permitted to see her. He was told, to his sorrow, that she was in a precarious position, and ultimately the sad intelligence of her death was conveyed to him. He was not admitted to the house, but was told that, if he sent a coffin, he might have the conducting of the funeral. A cart was procured, a few friends came, and the funeral took place at the churchyard of their native village, some miles off. Two or three evenings after the mournful duty had been performed, when the old man had returned from his day's labour to his now cold and forlorn habitation, and the sad change in his condition was being forced upon him in all its stern reality, he heard the sound of footsteps slowly approaching his door. He then heard the movement of the latch, and, turning to the door, he was startled by the apparition of his late wife. Another moment, and his ears were greeted by her well-known voice, and his first impression of the faint but familiar sight, as beheld in the dim twilight, was confirmed by a tangible embrace. An explanation was soon made. She had been confounded with another woman who was ill along with her. The one was taken, and the other left. The name of her who was spared was attached to her who died; the mistake was not rectified by any friends of either being admitted; and the old man had thus interred the corpse of another person, while his own wife was in a state approaching convalescence.

A similar mistake is said to have occurred at the Stroud Workhouse. The newspapers reported that the master of this workhouse wrote to the friends of one John White, of the village of Painswick, stating that he was dead. His friends agreed to inter, and on the following Friday a coffin was sent, and the funeral was to take place at Painswick that afternoon; but the driver of the cart, on seeing the corpse, expressed very strong doubts as to whether it really was that of his old fellow-villager. The master at first insisted that it was, but afterwards recollected that there was another man in the house of the same name: this man was called, and was at once recognised by the driver as the John White of Painswick. It was agreed that he should show himself to his friends, and he was driven to Painswick in the cart which had been sent with his own coffin, sat down among the friends who had assembled to follow him to the grave, and, after partaking of the refreshments provided for the occasion, returned to his old quarters at the workhouse, duly admonished, we would hope, of the approaching reality of that event which had in so singular a manner been anticipated.